

Our Dumb Animals.

"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE WHO



CANNOT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES."

"I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm."— *Cooper.*

Vol. 16.

Boston, July, 1883.

No. 2.

Mr. Timmins reports, now formed and forming, 451 Bands, with nearly 50,000 members. They reach from Quebec to Puget sound, on the Pacific coast.

Mr. Timmins has formed personally seventeen Bands, and delivered twenty-three addresses, during the past month.

Officers of Parent Band of Mercy.

Samuel E. Sawyer, Esq., has been elected Vice President. The officers now are: Geo. T. Angell, President; Samuel E. Sawyer, Vice President; Rev. Thomas Timmins, Secretary; and Joseph L. Stevens, Treasurer.

Mr. Angell lectured at Arlington Heights June 7th, and formed a fine Band. Also at Portsmouth, N. H., June 9th, and a Band was commenced there.

May 27, Mr. Timmins secured nearly 2000 new Band of Mercy members in Boston and Chelsea.

We regret that the size of our paper does not admit of publishing most interesting reports of Band of Mercy meetings and work in various parts of the country. One of the best is from Mrs. A. H. Todd, President of the Pioneer Band of the Pacific Coast, Port Townsend, Washington Territory: "The church absolutely jammed with people, many who could not find seats." Another from Miss Helen M. Mason, of the "Pioneer Band of Missouri," at St. Louis, with a long programme of songs, recitations, and addresses. Another from W. G. Eliot, Jr., Secretary of the "Unity Band," of St. Louis. Another from Miss C. Bond, Secretary of St. Matthew's Band, Quebec, Canada.

A most successful "Band of Mercy" meeting was held at Newport, R. I., June 11th, the mayor and many leading citizens being present. Mr. Timmins gave an address, and Mr. Eayrs, master of High School, with his "Band," furnished excellent music.

History of Bands of Mercy.

Mr. Timmin's beautiful book of eighty pages, full of pictures, humane selections, history, &c., and which is highly commended by the Boston press, is now ready for delivery. The first edition cost six hundred dollars, and is paid for by Samuel E. Sawyer, Esq., one of the Directors of the Mass. Society P. C. A., and chairman of the trustees of its permanent fund. A copy is now being sent to each Band, and to each Society P. C. A., as a gift from Mr. Sawyer. The balance will be sold, under cost price, at twelve and a half cents each, at our offices, or seventeen cents each, when sent by mail, the postage being four cents. Remittances for the books can be sent to us in postage stamps or money. The money received will be expended in printing subsequent editions, and it is hoped that this publication may reach and benefit hundreds of thousands of homes. If any Band or Society fails to receive a copy, please notify us and it will be sent. It is the desire of Mr. Timmins and Mr. Sawyer that every member of all our Bands should have a copy. In Boston several of our news dealers have it now on their counters for sale. We wish that every humane news dealer in the country, (and all ought to be,) may put it on his counter for sale, and that officers and members of Bands may make an effort to have this done as a labor of love.

The Milford, Mass., Band of Mercy has presented a valuable gold banded cane to O. D. Holmes, of Milford, for services rendered in protecting animals from cruelty.

Winthrop Band of Mercy

Had a large and interesting public meeting May 24th. D. Floyd, President, presided. Several clergymen, and the High school teacher, with our friend, Dr. Geo. S. Carter, whose daughter is Secretary of the Band, took part in the exercises.

This Band has procured a vote of the Selectmen to put in a drinking fountain for animals in the centre of Winthrop, which will benefit thousands of horses this summer, it being on the direct road to "Ocean Spray," and "Point Shirley."

Only One Thing.

Only one thing is necessary to join this new order of chivalry, the great "Band of Mercy," whose branches now reach from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast, and which numbers already nearly fifty thousand members. Simply sign on a piece of paper this pledge:— *I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage.*

The pledge, in other words, is simply this:— *I will try to be kind to all, both human and dumb, that deserve kindness; and I will try to protect from cruelty and wrong, all, both human and dumb, that ought to be protected.*

No constitution is needed, or by-laws. Your Band may be six or six hundred. You need only two officers, a President, and Secretary,—who had better be a lady,—though you can have Treasurer, Vice Presidents, and Executive Committee, if you want them.

You may have meetings when and where you please. At the meetings you may follow the order of exercises we send you, or not, as you please.

You may get up "Band of Mercy" concerts or entertainments, as you wish; make them free, or charge an admission fee, as you prefer, and give the proceeds to such charitable objects, or poor persons, as you think best. We advise you to have President, Secretary, and Treasurer, though in a small "Band" a single person may fill all the offices. We advise you to procure our beautiful membership cards, costing two cents each, and beautiful badge pins, costing six cents each, and to send for a book for signatures of members, costing six cents, but none of these are necessary. You may become a "Band of Mercy" member by signing the pledge on a piece of paper; and half a dozen of you, men, or women, or boys, or girls, may form a "Band," name it, and send the name with officers to us for publication.

When your "Band" is over forty you are entitled to receive each month a copy of OUR DUMB ANIMALS, full of stories, pictures, poems, &c.;

also "Ten Lessons on Kindness to Animals," full of stories about them.

If you believe that weak and defenceless human beings and dumb beasts ought to be protected from cruelty, and children educated to be merciful and brave in defence of the right, then form or join a "Band of Mercy."

If you ask what you can do, and what not do, in given cases, we answer, do what your own conscience tells you is right, and don't do what your own conscience tells you is wrong.

Band of Mercy Entertainments.

Quite a number of our Bands have been giving entertainments of appropriate music, readings, recitations, &c., charging a small admission fee, and paying the proceeds to various local charities. The Band in our own town has raised some forty dollars for the church. Its next entertainment is to raise funds for a free picnic for the Band.

Old Bands With New Officers.

Boston. Parent Band of Mercy of America.

V. P., Samuel E. Sawyer.

Hyde Park, Ill. Union Band of Mercy.

V. P., Mrs. A. F. Blaine.

St. Louis, Mo. Unity Band of Mercy.

P., Mrs. J. A. Field.

S., W. M. Garrison.

T., W. G. Eliot, Jr.

New Bands.

Boston. First African M. E. Church Band of Mercy.

P., Rev. J. T. Jenifer.

S., Miss H. Smith.

T., Mrs. M. P. Brown.

Boston. First Free Baptist Church Band of Mercy.

P., Rev. C. S. Perkins.

S., Mrs. Knowlton.

T., Mrs. John Nason.

Boston. First Reformed Episcopal Church Band of Mercy.

P., Rev. James M. Gray.

S., Miss Ella G. Hill.

T., Miss Connery.

Boston. Hanover St. Chapel Band of Mercy.

P., Rev. Mr. Heywood.

S., Miss Olmstead.

T., Miss Frothingham.

Boston. Harvard St. Baptist Church Band of Mercy.

P., Mrs. C. D. White.

S. & T., Mrs. White.

Boston. Ruggles St. M. E. Band of Mercy.

P., Rev. W. Hanks.

S., Miss S. F. Prince.

T., A. W. Dresco.

Boston. Shawmut Avenue Universalist Church Band of Mercy.

P., Rev. George L. Perin.

S., Mrs. V. D. Perin.

T., Mrs. John Noble.

East Boston. Maverick Congregational Church Band of Mercy.

P., Rev. J. E. Twitchell, D. D.

S., Miss M. L. McMichael.

T., A. Allen.

East Boston. Presbyterian Church Band of Mercy.

P., Rev. J. L. Scott.

S., Mrs. Scott, Miss R. I. Compton.

T., T. W. Hunter.

East Boston. Saratoga St. M. E. Church Band of Mercy.

P., Rev. C. D. Hills.

S., Mrs. C. D. Hills.

T., J. F. Hodge.

East Boston. Trinity Baptist Church Band of Mercy.

P., Rev. M. B. Jones, Jr.

S., Mrs. J. S. Wright.

T., James Townsend.

East Boston. Universalist Band of Mercy.

P., Rev. W. F. Potter.

S., Miss Alice Holmes.

T., Charles Lindergreen.

Arlington. Arlington Heights Band of Mercy.

P., Dr. Allen M. Ring.

Brookline. Baptist Church Band of Mercy.

P., H. L. Chase.

S., Miss H. A. Nevers.

T., Deacon G. Brooks.

Cambridge. Shining Star Band of Mercy.

P., Miss Isabel Foster.

Cambridge. Sunshine Band of Mercy.

P., Miss M. Kidd.

S., Miss May Parsons.

T., Miss H. N. Keys.

Chelsea. Church of the Redeemer Band of Mercy.

P., Rev. Charles Conkling.

S., Mrs. Hollis, Mrs. Burley.

T., Mr. Errington.

Dorchester. Peirce Avenue Band of Mercy.

P., Miss E. J. Hoxie.

S., Miss Sarah E. Soudon.

T., Miss Emily Marston.

Marshfield Centre. Sea-View Band of Mercy.

P., Miss S. P. Stevens.

S., Miss Lena Nichols.

T., Edgar L. Hitchcock.

Medford. Tufts College Band of Mercy.

P., President E. H. Capen, D. D.

S., Charles H. Puffer.

T., Dean John P. Marshall.

Medford. Tufts Divinity School Band of Mercy.

P., President E. H. Capen, D. D.

S., Professor G. T. Knight.

T., T. J. Sawyer, D. D.

Newton. Miss Swayne.

Newton Centre. Newton Theological Institution Band of Mercy.

P., Rev. Alvah Hovey, D. D.

S. & T., E. H. Jones.

Chicago, Ill. Lists of members have been sent from Congregational and Presbyterian churches of Morrison; also from Newbury school; also a number of other lists.

St. Louis, Mo. Church of the Messiah Band of Mercy.

P., Rev. John Snyder.

V. P., Miss S. L. Glasgow.

S., Miss Mary Jewett.

T., Miss Carrie Richards.

Portsmouth, N. H. First Portsmouth Band of Mercy.

P., Hon. T. E. O. Marvin.

New Brunswick, N. J. F. A. Tupper.

Buffalo, N. Y. Breckenridge St. Presbyterian Church Excelsior Band of Mercy.

P., Russell Weller.

S. & T., Miss Hattie Given.

Buffalo, N. Y. Buffalo Orphan Asylum, Mary E. Ford Band.

Philadelphia, Pa. Bands in public schools and others:—

Girls' Grammar; Girls' Secondary; Boys' and

Girls' Primary, officers, Miss Anthony, Miss

Queen, Miss Edmunds; Girls' Grammar,

Miss L. J. Isles, Miss Dunn; Girls' Grammar;

Girls' Primary, Miss Christopher, Miss Corn-

nell; St. Luke's Church, Miss Voight; St.

Peter's Church, Miss Payne; Second Reform-

ed Episcopal Church; Foster Home, Miss

Davidson; Mission Sewing School, Miss W.

M. Brown; Swampoodle Mission School,

M. J. F. Neuber; Colored Mission Sunday

School, Elijah Jenkins; Suburban School,

Jenkintown; Chestnut Hill.

MacFarland, Lunenburg, Va. Miss M. M. Jennings.

The Result of Education.

A lady, at her own expense, sent her servant to the class of a professional cook, and was delighted with her progress. At the end of the course she was surprised to learn that Bridget was engaged in looking for pastures new. "Why, Bridget, you are not going to leave me! If you had not intended to remain with us, I should not have sent you to learn cooking." "And indeed, mum," returned Bridget, "you don't expect me to cook in the new way on the old wages?"

A Music-Loving Squirrel.

You told us once that hunters of seals sometimes manage to draw close to their game by whistling tunes to engage their attention. And now I have just read about a sportsman who, one day, in the woods, sat very still, and began to whistle an air to a red squirrel on a near tree.

"In a twinkling," says he, "the little fellow sat up, leaned his head to one side, and listened. A moment after, he had scrambled down the trunk, and when within a few yards he sat up and listened again. Pretty soon he jumped upon the pile of rails on which I was, came within four feet of me, sat up, made an umbrella of his bushy tail, and looked straight at me, his little eyes beaming with pleasure. Then I changed the tune, and chut! away he skipped. But before long he came back to his seat on the rails, and, as I watched him, it actually seemed as if he were trying to pucker up his mouth to whistle. I changed the tune again, but this time he looked so funny as he scampered off that I burst out laughing, and he came back no more."

Now that man had much more enjoyment out of his music-loving squirrel than if he had shot him; and perhaps after this you will hear the boys of your neighborhood piling up rails to sit on, and whistling to the squirrels who come to talk with you. And if they don't whistle well enough, send for me, for I can whistle nicely, if I am a girl.

—St. Nicholas.

Telling Fortunes.

I will tell you two fortunes, my fine little lad,

For you to accept or refuse;

The one of them good, the other one bad;

Now hear them, and say which you choose.

I see by my gifts, within reach of your hand,

A fortune right fair to behold,—

A house and a hundred good acres of land,

With harvest fields yellow as gold.

I see a great orchard, with boughs hanging down

With apples, green, russet, and red;

I see droves of cattle, some white and some brown,

But all of them sleek and well fed.

I see flocks of swallows about the barn door,

See the fanning-mill whirling so fast;

I see them threshing the wheat on the floor—

And now the bright picture has passed!

And I see, rising dimly up in the place

Of the beautiful house and the land,

A man with a fire-red nose on his face,

And a little brown jug in his hand!

Oh, if you beheld him, my lad, you would wish

That he were less wretched to see;

For his boot-toes they gape like the mouth of a fish,

And his trousers are out at the knee!

In walking he staggers, now this way, now that,

And his eyes they stand out like a bug's;

And he wears an old coat and a battered-in hat,

And I think that the fault is the jug's.

For the text says the drunkard shall come to be poor,

And that drowsiness clothes men with rags,

And he doesn't look much like a man, I am sure,

Who has honest hard cash in his bags.

Now, which will you have: to be thrifty and snug,

To be right side up with your dish;

Or go with your eyes like the eyes of a bug,

And your shoes like the mouth of a fish?

—Alice Cary.

"What Constitutes a State?"

Not high raised battlements, or labored mound,
Thick wall, or moated gate,
Not cities proud, with spires and turrets crowned,
Not bays, and broad armed ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride.
No! MEN, high minded men,—
THESE constitute a State!

Two Devoted Canines.

SINGULAR GROUNDS FOR URGING A NEGRO PRISONER'S RELEASE.

[Special Dispatch to the Herald.]

PLYMOUTH, N. C., May 17, 1883. One of the most remarkable reasons probably ever urged for the pardon of a criminal has been presented to the Governor of this State in the application for the release of Tim Buckner, a negro desperado, confined in jail here. About eighteen months ago Buckner incited a riot, and placed himself at the head of about one hundred lawless negro lumbermen, who threatened to destroy this town. The Governor had to call out the military before the rioters could be suppressed. Buckner was convicted and sent to jail for two years for being the ringleader of the outlaws. At the time of his arrest the negro owned two dogs. These daily visited the court during the trial of their master, and sat by his side. After Buckner was sent to jail these two poor brutes took up their vigils at the jail yard door. During the twelve months the outlaw has been incarcerated the dogs have not been absent from their post a single night. They relieve each other during the day to get food, but at night both remain. The people of the town, becoming attracted by the singular mark or devotion of the dumb creatures to their master, built them a kennel near the jail door and within sight of Buckner's cell window. Gov. Jarvis's wife visited this place a few days ago, and was moved to tears by the wonderful attachment of Buckner's dogs. She has joined others in recommending the Governor to pardon Buckner, who still has a year to serve. The principal reason urged for executive clemency are the facts above related.

—Boston Herald.

The Conqueror Conquered.

Mrs. Childs, the celebrated authoress, writes as follows:—

"I have read of a certain regiment ordered to march into a small town (in the Tyrol, I think,) and take it. It chanced that the place was settled by a colony who did not believe in war. A courier from a neighboring village informed them that troops were advancing to take the town. They answered, 'If they will take it they must!' Soldiers soon came riding in with colors flying, and fifes piping their shrill defiance. They looked around for an enemy, and saw the farmer at his plough, the blacksmith at his anvil, and the women at their churns and spinning-wheels. Babies crowded to hear the music, and boys ran out to see the trainers, with feathers and bright buttons, 'the warriors of the nineteenth century.' Of course none of these were in a proper condition to be shot at. 'Where are your soldiers?' they asked. 'We have none,' was the brief reply. 'But we have come to take the town!' 'Well, friends, it lies before you.' 'But is there nobody here to fight?' 'No!' Here was an emergency altogether unprovided for by the military schools. This was a sort of resistance which no bullet could hit, a fortress perfectly bomb-proof. The commander was perplexed. 'If there is nobody to fight with, of course we cannot fight!' said he. 'It is impossible to take such a town as this.' So they turned the horses' heads about, and the innocent animals carried the human beings out of the village as guiltless as they entered, and perchance somewhat wiser."

—Harriet Beecher Stowe.

The family of Mrs. Stowe hold her in such reverence that some of them apparently think she wrote the Bible. Her little grandson, at the age of five, swinging on a neighbor's gate, was reproved by his mother, who told him Mr. Smith would not like it. "I don't care for Mr. Smith," said the urchin, "nor for his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is his." "Willie," asked his mother, "do you know who wrote those words you use so?" "I don't know," was the reply; "Grandma Stowe, I s'pose."

The Cruelty of the Chase.

If our young readers were able to penetrate the hidden depths of some of our great forest wilds they might frequently come across sorrowful scenes, at the season of the year when the relentless deer hunter, with deadly rifle and bloodthirsty hound, pursues these noble animals of the forest to the death. The excitement of the chase gives no thought of the fright and pain these beautiful creatures suffer; yet, if the hunter stopped to consider their distress and the very picture of anguish they often present, there would be less disposition to hunt them. There is no sport so fascinating to the hunter as the chase of the deer, and men and boys will go to any amount of trouble and expense to find them. Putting the cruel dogs out on the track of the deer, they will watch at the "water runs" all day long, with patience worthy of a better cause, in the hope to shoot their prey as it vainly seeks escape from the dogs by taking to the water. When the poor victim is at last slain, the exultant feelings will often give way to those of pity. A successful hunter thus describes his at the close of a long struggle with a noble buck:

"The excitement of the chase was over, and as I gazed on the wild, yet mild and gentle eye of the noble creature, now glazing in death, a feeling of remorse arose in my heart: I could have moralized an hour over the beautiful form as it floated on the water, and I almost wished to recall him to life. It seemed impossible that, a few minutes before, that delicate-limbed creature was treading in all the joy of freedom his forest-home. How wild had been his terror, as the fierce cry of the hound first opened on his track! How swift the race down the mountain-side, and how free and daring his plunge from the rock into the wave! How noble his struggles for life! But the bold swimmer had been environed by foes too strong for him, and he fell at last, where he could not even turn at bay. The delicate nostril was relaxed in death, and the slender limbs stiff and cold."

Sometimes they escape the hunter after being badly wounded, only to die a lingering, painful death in the lonely forest.

—Exchange.

English Sparrows.

We find the following in the Wakefield, Mass., Bulletin: "While a gentleman was walking down Pleasant street, the other day, he noticed several English sparrows pecking away at the tail of one of their mates. As he approached the group they all flew away, except one. And that unfortunate one had his tail frozen into the thin ice. He was a prisoner. The gentleman freed the little bird, and let him fly away. It appeared as if the sparrows had been digging away at the ice to release their captured comrade." As the English sparrows have many enemies, it is but fair to give all the proofs of every well-established instance of their sagacity and kindness: and what our contemporary has given shows that they are both sagacious and kind, and recognize the claims of fraternity. It proves that they are aware that there is strength in union, and that they are ready to help one another, and will not suffer a mate to perish for want of assistance. Were they the particularly selfish and cruel creatures they are represented to be by persons who would have them all destroyed, they would have abandoned the ice-bound bird to the merciless ice, and allowed him to perish. Instead of so doing, they combined their small powers, and sought to place him in his proper condition. Though they did not themselves succeed, their exertions attracted the notice of a kind-hearted man, who, pleased at such an exhibition of thoughtfulness and ingenuity in birds, liberated the little captive, and gave him a chance to resume his flights through the fields of air, in which, we hope, he will be happy in the spring and summer of this year, and in the springs and summers of as many years as Nature gives to his kind. The releaser of the bird deserves to be held in honor by all who believe that the little winged creatures are entitled to the protection of humanity. —Boston Traveller.

The Silent Searchers.

When the darkness of night has fallen,
And the birds are fast asleep,
An army of silent searchers
From the dusky shadows creep;
And over the quiet meadows,
Or amid the waving trees,
They wander about with their tiny lamps
That flash in the evening breeze.
And this army of silent searchers,
Each with his flickering light,
Wanders about till the morning
Has driven away the night.
What treasures they may be seeking
No man upon earth can know;
Perhaps 'tis the home of the fairies,
Who lived in the long ago.
For an ancient legend tells us
That once, when the fairy king
Had summoned his merry minstrels
At the royal feast to sing,
The moon, high over the tree-tops,
With the stars, refused to shine,
And an army with tiny torches
Was called from the oak and pine.
And when, by the imps of darkness,
The fairies were chased away,
The army began its searching
At the close of a dreary day;
Through all the years that have followed,
The seekers have searched the night,
Piercing the gloom of the hours
With the flash of their magic light.
Would you see the magical army?
Then come to the porch with me!
Yonder, among the hedges,
And near to the maple tree,
Over the fields of clover,
And down in the river-damp,
The fire-flies search till the morning,
Each with his flickering lamp.

—Henry Ripley Dorr.

Robin Story.

We heard a story of the performance of a robin in the garden of one of our citizens, on Friday last, which interested us not a little, inasmuch as the little creature and his mate exhibited a sagacity amounting to human reason. The incident occurred in the garden of Mr. John Bronham, which is a large one, reaching from his house in Olive Street over to Warren Street. While he was attending to some part of it, near his house, a robin flew about him apparently in great excitement. He took but little notice of it at first; but the bird persevered in every effort to attract his attention, and was soon successful.

Mr. B. remembered that there was a robin's nest in a tree at the end of the garden, and he thought there might be some trouble there, and started in that direction. The bird accompanied him, keeping close by his side, chattering violently all the way. On approaching the nest he found the female bird equally agitated, and on taking deliberate observation, discovered a very young robin sitting on the high fence, and a cat below, intently watching it, and ready to pounce upon it on the failure of its attempt to reach the tree. Mr. B. drove away the cat, when the two birds instantly came to the assistance of their young one, encouraged it to try its newly fledged wings for the tree, which it did, and safely reached its nest to the great apparent delight of the whole feathered family. The bird had seen enough of Mr. B. to know that he would not injure it or its progeny; it knew that he could protect them, and knew how to attract his attention and lead him to the scene of danger, and it knew that it would not be safe for it to encourage its young one to make any effort to reach the tree while the dratted enemy was below, ready to spring upon it in case of its failure. Is not all this very near akin to human reason?

—New Haven Palladium.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

BOSTON, JULY, 1883.

Sudden Death of C. L. Heywood.

It is with deep regret that, just before going to press, we learn of the death of Mr. C. L. Heywood, for fifteen years Superintendent of the Fitchburg Rail Road, for many years a Director of our Society, and who has, during the past few months, in the interests of The American Humane Association, been investigating the treatment of cattle and other animals, in the west and south-west. Only four days before this writing he was at our office in perfect health, and telling us about his recent journey. He has been greatly interested in the United States Cattle Quarantine Station, recently started at Waltham, of which he was Superintendent, and yesterday, (Saturday,) June 23d, was out there, standing upon the inward rail road track, near Robert's Crossing, where there is a curve, when he saw a man walking on the outward track in front of a coming train. Fearing the man would be run over, he shouted repeatedly, and waved his arms, and was so completely absorbed by his anxiety that he paid no attention to the whistling of the engine of an inward freight train, coming from behind, directly upon him. His right foot was cut off by the wheels, his head gashed in several places, his arms were injured, and he also received internal injuries. He was picked up as soon as possible, and carried as tenderly as possible to Waltham station, where he was attended by Doctors McCormick, Foster, and Temple, of Waltham. When partly aroused by stimulants it was ascertained that his internal injuries were serious, and he was taken by special train to the Massachusetts General Hospital. He died about twenty minutes after arrival.

Mr. Heywood was fifty-five years old last April. We have known him for at least fifteen years. He has been constantly identified with good works and charitable deeds during this whole time, and full of the spirit of loving kindness to all his fellow creatures, both human and dumb. His death in the very act of attempting to save another, is consistent with his whole life, and if his immortal spirit does not to-day occupy a seat in the kingdom of heaven, there isn't much chance for the rest of us! His most excellent and estimable wife, to whom, in great degree, his success in life has been due, will receive the heart-felt sympathies of all within the wide circle of his and her acquaintance. No better epitaph can be engraved on his tomb-stone than this:—

"He died as he lived, in trying to save the life of his fellow man."

The Directors' June Meeting

Was held on the 20th, President Angell in the chair. The President reported 451 Bands of Mercy, reaching from Quebec to Puget Sound, with about 50,000 members. The prosecuting agents of the Society have dealt with 127 cases of cruelty during the past month, and mercifully killed 39 animals. Much attention has been given to transportation, and pleasant letters were read from various railroad officials. The Ellen M. Gifford Shelter and Home for Animals will be completed the coming autumn. Mr. Nathan Appleton was appointed a committee to confer with the city authorities in regard to the erection of another drinking fountain for animals.

Ellen M. Gifford Sheltering Home for Animals.

The building will be finished the coming autumn. A temporary arrangement will be made by which, on and after July 1st, a limited number of small dogs, cats and birds, can be boarded as follows:

Dogs,	2	75 cents per week.
Cats,	50	" " "
Birds,	25	" " "

They must be delivered by owners at the institution on the Undine Spring Estate, Lake Street, Ward 25, near the Chestnut Hill Reservoir.

International Congress.

An international congress of the Societies for the Protection of Animals will be held at Vienna, Austria, Sept. 8, 9, 10, and 11, to which all kindred societies in the United States and other countries are invited to send delegates.

The questions to be discussed, among others, are: 1. How hydrophobia in dogs can be prevented, and whether the use of the muzzle and leash is advantageous. 2. The better protection of birds, as for instance, a: Their disuse in ladies' dress as ornaments. b: The abolishing of pigeon shooting, either as a trial of skill, or for sport. c: The arrangement of trees and shrubs to aid birds in raising their young. 3. The transportation of domestic animals by land or water.

Communications should be sent to Charles Landsteiner, President, or Le Chevalier de Henriquez, Secretary of the Society for the Protection of Animals, Vienna, Austria.

American Anti-Vivisection Society.

FOUNDED AT PHILADELPHIA, FEB., 1883.

President: Mr. Henry Flanders. Vice Presidents: Right Rev. Wm. Bacon Stevens, Rev. Henry J. Morton, Hon. Wm. A. Porter, Mrs. Richard P. White, Hon. Daniel M. Fox, Mr. Phillip C. Garrett, Rev. Wm. P. Breed, Rev. P. A. Jordan, S. J., Mrs. Wayne MacVeagh, Mr. J. B. Lippincott. Secretary: Miss Adele Biddle. Treasurer: Mr. Henry B. French. Corresponding Secretary: Miss S. L. Baldwin. Counsellors: Mr. Richard P. White, Mr. Charles Biddle. Executive Committee: Rev. Richard Newton, Mr. Coleman Sellers, Thomas G. Morton, M. D., Miss Martha Milligan, Miss Davidson, Mrs. Robert W. Smith, Mrs. J. C. Randall, Mr. Robert Ryerss, Mr. Thomas Earle White, Rev. Wm. A. Adamson, Mr. Stephen Farrelly, Mr. Robert R. Corson, Miss Cox, Miss Caroline Boggs, Mrs. John Easby, Mr. Joel J. Bailly, Mr. Robert K. Neff, Jr., Mr. Jacob T. Williams, Mrs. David B. Birney.

Annual membership, \$2; life membership, \$50.
Office of the Society, 1002 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

Illinois Humane Society.

Annual meeting was held, as we learn from "Illinois Humane Journal," May 5th. President Shortall made an interesting address. Ferd W. Peck, J. C. Dore, Edwin Lee Brown, Albert W. Landon, B. F. Culver, and twenty-five others were elected Directors; John G. Shortall, President; Ferd W. Peck, First Vice President; B. F. Culver, Secretary; and Geo. Schneider, Treasurer. The Society has investigated 1626 cases of cruelty during the year, and prosecuted 166. A complimentary resolution was passed to Mrs. C. M. Fairchild. It was voted to send monthly 1500 copies of the "Humane Journal" to Illinois newspapers and Chicago policemen. The work of forming Bands of Mercy is to be pushed the coming year.

An Old Horse and His Kind Master.

There is at least one milkman in Hartford who will hardly come under the discipline of the Humane Society on account of cruelty to his horse. This morning he halted his milk wagon on Main Street, and was heard addressing his horse as follows:

"We've made a mistake, old fellow. How would you like to turn around and go back this hot morning? We went by a customer's house without leaving any milk. It was partly your fault, old fellow. You always stop there. What made you go by this time? Still, it was partly my fault, too. On the whole I think it was the most my fault. I order stopped you. Well, old horse, you stay here, and I'll go back with the milk. It's only fair between man and beast."

And the kind-hearted fellow went back with his milk-can quite a little distance and let his horse rest in the shade.

—Times.

True goodness is like the glow worm; it shines when no eyes, except those of Heaven, are upon it.

The Cruel Check Rein.

Unnatural Position.—The Injury and Disfigurement of the Horse which results from the present "style" of the Overcheck.



Let Them Know how it is Themselves.—The Drivers of our Horses doing duty and putting on "style," with Head pulled back and Face turned upward by the Overcheck.



Natural Position.—The Grace and Beauty which come from Arching Neck and Curving Lines.



Natural and Unnatural Position.—Two horses, One Beautiful from Head held in Graceful Position, the Other Disfigured from its Head drawn into a Position which inflicts Pain and Torture.

Effect of Music on Animals.

Cows are sensible to the charms of music. In Switzerland, a milkmaid or man gets better wages if gifted with a good voice, because it is found that a cow will yield one-fifth more milk if soothed during the milking by a pleasing melody. It might be expected that elephants would manifest musical taste. An experimental concert was given to Hans and Margaret, a pair of elephants in the Jardin des Plantes at Paris. The performers were all distinguished artists. The effect was unmistakable. Melodies in a minor key especially touched their elephantine hearts. "Ca ira" fired them with transport; "Charmante Gabrielle" steeped them in languor. The spell, nevertheless, did not act alike on both. Margaret became passionately affectionate; Hans maintained his usual sobriety of deportment.

John and Byron.

John was a negro boy, full of fun and frolic. Byron was a large, white horse. Both lived and worked on Grandma Hudson's farm.

John had a habit that Byron disliked. While he was eating his supper of sweet hay and golden corn, John would stand in front of the stall and tease him, by making all sorts of ugly grimaces.

John thought it fine fun to see Byron get angry, and try to bite him through the bars of the stall.

Uncle George had often reproved John for this naughty habit, telling him that the horse would hurt him sometime, if he continued his insults.

One day when uncle George was away, John went into the stable to bridle Byron, and lead him to the well. But, as he was reaching up to take hold of his mane, Byron opened his mouth, seized John by his thick, curly hair, lifted him from the floor, and walked leisurely out into the barn-yard.

Grandma heard a loud scream, and ran to the kitchen door to see what was the matter. There was Byron, with John hanging from his mouth, marching across the yard; he was not trying to hurt the boy, but only giving him a vigorous shake now and then, to show him what he could do if he had a mind to. When he had punished him sufficiently, he dropped him on the ground, and trotted away to the well. In this novel way John was taught to abandon the cruel and dangerous habit of teasing animals. We all thought Byron's trick a very smart one for a horse.

John never ventured to play any tricks upon him again, and there was no further trouble between them. All that Byron wanted was to be treated with proper respect.

—C. H. C.

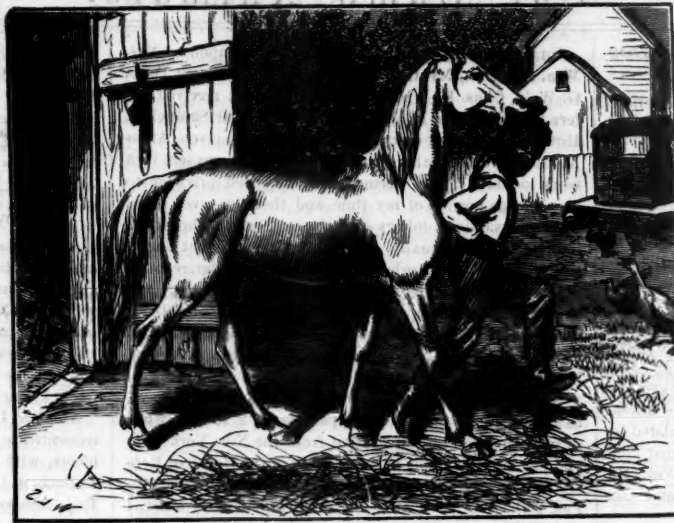
Our Bug-Catchers.

We have a garden around our house, where we try to raise fruits, and flowers, and peas, and beans, and lettuce, and cucumbers, and such like. But we have one trouble; there are lots of little bugs and worms that seem to like our provisions as well as we do, and that are always on hand to take their portion. And, in fact, they sometimes seem to want to take the whole.

Well, what is to be done in such a case? I will tell you what to do. We have several little bug-catchers, curious creatures,—in color and shape they look almost like a lump of earth, and one would hardly know them from the clods among which they travel about. The children see them about the fields or highways, and wherever they find one they speedily pick him up, and invite him to make his home in our garden; and so they have their dwellings in holes and corners about the yard.

The little fellows have a queer way of catching bugs. They have a long, sticky tongue, though where they keep it is a mystery, as it seems to be longer than its owner. Perhaps they take a reef in it, as the sailors say, and so stow it away. But when one of them gets near a little bug, he sits and looks at him, and winks in a kind of solemn way, till all at once his mouth opens, and quick as a flash, the tongue goes out and in again, and the bug is among the missing! And then our little friend sits winking and blinking, and waiting for another bug to come that way.

He is said to have an ear for music, and to do some singing in the warm spring evenings, but we do not count much on this; nor do we brag much about his good looks. His skin is not smooth, nor his complexion fair; but, for real usefulness, he is about the best kind of live stock we have on our farm; and if people want to keep their gardens free from bugs, the best thing they can do is to get on friendly terms with the little



JOHN AND BYRON.

bug-catchers, and make pleasant homes for the TOADS! As a certain poet saith:—

"Don't kill the toads, the ugly toads,
That hop around your door.
Each meal, the little toad doth eat
A hundred bugs or more.

He sits around with aspect meek,
Until the bug hath neared;
Then shoots he forth his little tongue,
Like lightning double-gear'd.

And then he soberly doth wink,
And shut his ugly mug,
And patiently doth wait until
There comes another bug!"

—Little Christian.

Ask Mother.

Where is the sweetest pet,
The brightest birdie yet?
Whose are the prettiest eyes,
Most loving and most wise?
What form of fairest mould
Is worth its weight in gold?
You cannot imagine? Well,
Ask mother—she can tell!

Where is the sunniest gleam
That makes her life a dream?
Where are the rosy toes,
And blessed little nose,
And dimpled hands and feet,
The models all complete,
Which nature can't excel!
Ask mother—she can tell!

Who is the grandest king,
Queen, or anything
That may be great or high?
Who wandered from the sky,
The best of girls or boys,
To be her joy of joys?
You guess—the baby? Well,
Ask mother—she can tell!

—Anon.

There is in every animal's eye a dim image and gleam of humanity, a flash of strange light, through which their life looks out and up to our great mystery of command over them, and claims the fellowship of the creature if not of the soul.

—Ruskin.

How Animals Help Each Other.

Darwin in his "Descent of Man," has many kind things to say about animals. Social animals, he tells us, perform many little services for each other. Horses nibble, and cows lick each other. Monkeys pick from each other thorns and burs and parasites. Wolves and some other beasts of prey hunt in packs, and aid each other in attacking their victims. Pelicans fish in concert. The Hamadryas baboons turn over stones to find insects, etc.; and, when they come to a large one, as many as can stand round, turn it over together, and share the booty. Social animals mutually defend each other. Brehm encountered in Abyssinia a great troop of baboons which were crossing a valley: the latter were attacked by the dogs, but the old males immediately hurried down from the rocks, and with mouths widely opened roared so fearfully that the dogs precipitately retreated. They were again encouraged to the attack; but by this time all the baboons had reascended the heights, excepting a young one, about

six months old, who, loudly calling for aid, climbed on a block of rock and was surrounded. Now, one of the largest males, a true hero, came down again from the mountain, slowly went to the young one, coaxed him and triumphantly led him away, the dogs being too much astonished to make an attack.

On another occasion, an eagle seized a young monkey, which, by clinging to a branch, was not at once carried off: it cried loudly for assistance, upon which the other members of the troop with much uproar rushed to the rescue, surrounded the eagle, and pulled out so many feathers that he no longer thought of his prey, but only how to escape. This eagle assuredly would never again attack a monkey in a troop.

Happy Every Day.

Sidney Smith cut the following from a newspaper and preserved it for himself:

"When you rise in the morning, form the resolution to make the day a happy one to some fellow-creature. It is easily done,—a left-off garment to the man who needs it, a kind word to the sorrowful, an encouraging expression to the striving,—trifles in themselves light as air,—will do it at least for twenty-four hours. And if you are young, depend upon it, it will tell when you are old; and if you are old, rest assured it will send you gently and happily down the stream of time to eternity. If you send one person, only one, happily through each day, that is three hundred and sixty-five in the course of the year. If you live only forty years after you commence that course of medicine, you have made fourteen thousand six hundred beings happy, at all events, for a time."

Room at the Top.

Never you mind the crowd, lad,
Or fancy your life won't tell;
The work is the work for a' that,
To him that doeth it well.
Fancy the work a hill, lad;
Look where the millions stop;
You'll find the crowd at the base, lad;
There's always room at the top.

Courage and faith and patience,
There's space in the old world yet;
The better the chance you stand, lad,
The further along you get.
Keep your eye on the goal, lad,
Never despair or drop;
Be sure that your path leads upward;
There's always room at the top.

Incidents in the Early History of the Mass. Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

We take from a book now being prepared for publication, by Mr. Angell, the following incidents connected with the early history of the M. S. P. C. A. :—

It is proper for me here to say that from my childhood I had been extremely fond of animals,—dogs, horses, cats, cows, sheep, birds,—all these and many others. I had seen and personally interfered in a number of cases of extreme cruelty to them, and had heard of many others. I did not know that there was such a thing in the world as a "society for the prevention of cruelty to animals," the nearest being in London, England. But I thought something should be done for their protection. So in 1864, two years before the forming of the first society in America by Mr. Bergh, I gave by will a considerable portion of my property to be used after my death, in "circulating in schools, Sunday schools and elsewhere," information calculated to prevent such cruelty. This will was executed August 22d, 1864, in the presence of W. R. P. Washburn, Wm. H. Simpson, and Horatio G. Parker, as witnesses, and the clause relating to animals reads as follows :—

"It has long been my opinion that there is much wrong in the treatment of domestic animals; that they are too often overworked, overpunished, and particularly in winter and in times of scarcity, underfed. All these I think great wrongs, particularly the last; and it is my earnest wish to do something towards awakening public sentiment on this subject; the more so because these animals have no power of complaint, or adequate human protection against those who are disposed to do them injury. I do therefore direct that all the remainder of my property not herein before disposed of, shall, within two years after the decease of my mother and myself, or the survivor, be expended by my trustees in circulating in common schools, Sabbath schools, or other schools, or otherwise, in such manner as my trustees shall deem best, such books, tracts, or pamphlets, as in their judgment will tend most to impress upon the minds of youth their duty towards those domestic animals which God may make dependent upon them."

The cruelties which I had seen and the others of which I had heard would fill a long chapter. It is not necessary to give many of them here. I will mention a few :—

Calves taken from their mothers when too young to eat hay, were carted through our streets, and lay in heaps at the cattle markets, tied, and piled on each other like sticks of wood, and they were bled several times before they were killed, to make their flesh look whiter and more delicate; sheep, from which their fleeces had been taken, stood, in cold weather, about the slaughter yards shivering for days before they were killed. Nothing had been done to lessen the horrors of cattle transportation,—old horses, long past service, were whipped up and down the streets of Brighton, and sold sometimes for thirty-seven and a half cents each; worn out and aged horses and other animals were ignorantly and thoughtlessly killed, in ways most brutal. A man in my town, near Boston, who had mortgaged his stock of cattle to another, quarreled with him, locked the stable doors, and starved them all to death in their stalls to prevent his getting his pay; and there was no law in Massachusetts to punish him!

But on Saturday, February 22d, 1868, came a great horse race, in which two of the best horses of the State were driven from Brighton to Worcester, about forty miles, over rough roads, each drawing two men, and were both driven to death!

When I saw in the Boston Daily Advertiser, of Monday February 24th, the record of this cruel race, my determination was at once taken. I had heard that Mr. Bergh had started a society in New York. I said to myself, somebody must take hold of this business, and I might as well as anybody. Immediately I sat down and wrote the following letter to the Boston Daily Advertiser, which appeared in its columns the next morning, Feb. 25th, 1868.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER:

In your paper of this morning I see that the race on Saturday terminated in the death of the winning horse. [I had not then heard of the death of the other.] I find also that the horse was driven over the rough roads of that day the whole distance from Boston to Worcester, and drawing two men, at an average speed of fifteen and two-sevenths miles per hour. It seems to me that it is high time for somebody to take hold of this matter in earnest and see if we cannot do something in Boston, as well as others have in New York, to stop this cruelty to animals. And I wish further to say through your columns that I, for one, am ready to contribute both time and money, and if there is any society or person in Boston with whom I can unite, or who will unite with me in this matter, I shall be glad, personally or by letter, to be informed.

GEORGE T. ANGELL,
46 Washington St.

Boston, Feb. 24, 1868.

On the morning this appeared I was called upon by Mrs. Wm. Appleton, Mr. C. Allen Browne, E. B. Welch, Wm. G. Weld, Chas. K. Whipple, R. F. Walcutt; received letters from Franklin Evans, John J. May, and Samuel G. Howe, and the next morning from Geo. B. Emerson, Amos A. Lawrence, and others, and at once found myself in a work to which I have deemed it a duty and privilege to give a large portion of my time and thoughts ever since, some thousands of dollars directly, and many thousands indirectly, in gradually giving up a somewhat lucrative profession, and neglecting other pecuniary interests.

Mrs. Wm. Appleton, who called the first morning, and to whom more than any other lady in Massachusetts, is the success of our Society due, at once told me that she had for several months been trying to start a society in Boston. She had seen Mr. Bergh, had obtained the signatures of some ninety of her influential friends and acquaintances, to a paper agreeing to become patrons of a society when formed, and had herself drafted from the New York form and put into the hands of the Speaker of the House of Representatives then in session, an act for incorporation. On Feb. 29th, four days after the publication of my letter, I put in the various Boston papers an appeal for funds, signed by myself, Mrs. Appleton, and various of her and my friends. I called upon the Speaker for Mrs. A.'s act of incorporation. He could not find it then, though he did subsequently, but said that if I expected the Legislature would pass a law to prevent cruelty to animals, he thought I was mistaken, as he thought the Legislature would not enact such a law. The fact was that the prevention of cruelty to animals was then a very new thing in this country, and neither he nor the Legislature knew quite so much about it as they did afterwards. I then drew a new act of incorporation, in which I put the names of Hon. Wm. Gray, Samuel G. Howe, and my own; I should certainly have put in the name of Mrs. Wm. Appleton, but public opinion had not then reached the point when it was deemed judicious to make this use of a lady's name. Indeed, Mrs. Appleton did not think it proper to even attend the meeting at which our Society was organized, and at our first election of directors, it was deemed, [singular as it now seems,] improper to elect her a Director, and so we elected her husband, Mr. Wm. Appleton, and conferred upon her all the honor we thought we could, by electing her our first Honorary Member. I am happy to say that in 1871 public opinion had so far progressed that we unanimously elected her our first, (and at that time, only) lady Director, an office which she has held ever since with great profit to the Society.

From this time to March 24th, I devoted my time to pushing the act of incorporation, writing letters to various Boston papers, and getting all the names we could to aid the Society's formation. On March 23d, I obtained the act of incorporation, which read as follows :—

ACT OF INCORPORATION.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

In the Year One Thousand Eight Hundred and Sixty-Eight.

AN ACT TO INCORPORATE THE MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives, in General Court assembled, and by the authority of the same, as follows:

SECTION 1. William Gray, Samuel G. Howe, Geo. T. Angell, their associates and successors, are hereby made a corporation by the name of *The Massachusetts Society for the prevention of cruelty to animals*, with all the powers and privileges, and subject to all the duties, liabilities and restrictions set forth in all general laws which now are or hereafter may be in force relating to such corporations, with authority to hold real and personal estate, for the purposes of the corporation, not exceeding in amount one hundred thousand dollars.

SECT. 2. This Act shall take effect upon its passage.

In the papers of March 24th, appeared a call for a meeting, signed by Messrs. Gray, Howe, and myself, at my offices, 46 Washington Street, March 31st, at 3 o'clock, P. M., to organize the Society. In the mean time I wrote a Constitution and By-Laws, which, with, I believe, the alteration of only one word, were unanimously adopted, and have been our chart and guide ever since. When the hour of meeting arrived upwards of forty persons were present, and my offices being inconveniently crowded we adjourned to the hall overhead. Hon. Wm. Gray was chosen chairman, and Russell Sturgis, Jr., Esq., secretary *pro tem*. I gave an address; the Constitution and By-Laws were adopted; a proper paper prepared by me was presented for

signatures of those who would join, and forty-three persons signed it, most of them as life members; sixteen Directors were elected as follows :—

George T. Angell,
Samuel G. Howe,
William Gray,
Russell Sturgis, Jr.,
Geo. Tyler Bigelow,
Henry Saltonstall,
John Quincy Adams,
W. W. Morland,

Thomas Motley,
D. D. Slade,
George Noyes,
Thomas Conery,
Franklin Evans,
John Reed,
Wm. G. Weld,
Wm. Appleton.

Among these will be recognized some of the best known and most distinguished names of Boston.

In this the Society's sixteenth year, only three, with myself remain, and only one, Mr. Geo. Noyes, then as now the editor and proprietor of the "Massachusetts Ploughman," and the Society's constant and earnest friend, still continues with me to regularly attend our meetings, and join actively in our work.

Amos A. Lawrence, than whom no better could be found, consented to act as our Treasurer; one hundred Vice Presidents, with his Excellency the Governor, Alexander H. Bullock, at their head, were chosen; Russell Sturgis, Jr., Esq., consented to act temporarily as honorary Secretary *pro tem*, and I was unanimously elected to the office of President, which, by fifteen succeeding unanimous elections, I have now held nearly sixteen years. At the close of the meeting Mr. Sturgis went with me to an office underneath the hall, and with a deep sense of the great work we believed we had that day inaugurated, we knelt and asked God's blessing. Full accounts of this meeting will be found in Boston papers of April 1st, 1868.

The next thing was to draft and present to the Legislature a suitable law, our *Statutes being then such that any man or woman could starve his or her horse or cow to death, without fear of punishment!* I drafted what seemed to me a suitable law, which, after being considered and perfected by consultation with Chief Justice Bigelow, of our Supreme Judicial Court, [one of our Directors,] and the Hon. William Gray, [another Director,] in company with them, I presented to, and argued before, the Judiciary Committee of our Senate, on April 7th, 1868, reports of which will be found in Boston papers of April 8th, 1868.

The next few weeks were devoted to pushing this law through the Legislature, by seeing members and writing letters to Boston papers; also to gathering new members, in which work Mrs. Appleton, from her large acquaintance with wealthy and influential citizens, rendered most valuable service; also to fitting up offices for the Society in the same building with my own, and connecting with them by speaking tube. It was already pretty clear to my mind that I was entering upon a life work, and my plans reached far beyond anything that I could learn had been thus far undertaken. I saw that we should need not only a State Society, but prosecuting agents, and so far as possible, branches in some form, in almost every city and town, and that while enforcement of laws might do something, humane education would be a thousand times more important, both for the protection of animals, and for its effects on the human race. With this feeling I closed the appeal published in Boston papers, signed by Mr. Gray, Mr. Sturgis, and myself, with these words: "*The Society has a great work before it, and it earnestly asks the aid and prayers of every man and woman in Massachusetts who believes in God, and has sympathy for his suffering creatures.*" And then I set to work to see how we could increase our funds and membership. Here occurred what seemed to me almost a Providential interposition. I was going down Washington Street, full of my thought, when I passed a man connected with our police, whom I had not seen for months. Something seemed to say to me, "*that man can help you!*" I turned quickly, overtook him, tapped him on the shoulder, told him my trouble, and asked him where I could get the right men to canvass the city of Boston. He said at once that there were most excellent men on the police force who could be spared as well as not, if permission could only be obtained to use them. On this suggestion I went to the Mayor, the Chief of Police, the Chairman of the Police Committee of Aldermen, and the City Attorney, all of whom I knew personally, and the result was that seventeen policemen, picked from the whole force, clothed in their best uniforms, were put under my orders, on April 15th, 1868, for three weeks, reporting to

me daily, to canvass the entire city, at the city's expense, to raise funds for our Society. I addressed them, furnished them with blank books, assigned to each his district, and thus canvassed the whole city, obtaining thus probably about twelve hundred of the about sixteen hundred members and patrons with whom we began our work. And here another circumstance which seemed Providential, occurred. The opposition candidate for Mayor, would, as it afterwards appeared, have stopped our work in a day if he had known anything about it, but as good fortune would have it, he was one of the very last men called upon by the police, and the canvass was closed before he knew it, and we had in our treasury about \$13,000 in money.

On May 14th, our law, having been enacted by both branches of the Legislature, was approved by the Governor, and on May 15th, I obtained a copy for publication. On May 20th, I called a meeting of the Directors, and laid before them my plans, and the reasons, for starting a paper through which we could speak every month to our friends and the people of the State, and which I would undertake, without expense, to edit. They assented, and then asked, "How many shall we print of the first number?" "Two hundred thousand," I answered. "How much will it cost?" "Between two and three thousand dollars." They were startled, but finally agreed, and on June 2d, 1868, I issued an edition of two hundred thousand copies of "OUR DUMB ANIMALS," the first paper of its kind in the world. And here comes in another incident which seemed Providential. I wanted to send a copy of that paper into every home in the Commonwealth, but it would cost a great deal of money to do it. How could it be done?

I called again upon our good Mayor, Dr. Shurtleff, and asked that the police, on their regular beats, should leave one copy in each house in Boston. "He would be glad to help me, but this opposition candidate for Mayor, who was then an Alderman, had almost got a vote of censure upon him for letting us have the police; had obtained an order that the Boston police should never be again employed to canvass for a charitable society, and would certainly prevent the police distributing our paper." So said the Mayor, so said the Chief of Police, and so said all of them. I said, "I will see this Alderman." I went to the reading room under the Old State House, thinking to find him there, but did not. Rushing out on the south side I almost ran over a gentleman passing. He stopped, and I apologized. It was Mr. John J. May, of Boston, who responded the first day to my letter proposing to form a Society, and who was afterwards one of our Directors. He asked how I was getting along with the new Society. I told him my trouble with Alderman —. "Alderman —!" said he; "Alderman — is my particular intimate friend. I will go directly to his office, and make him offer an order at the Board meeting this afternoon, that the police shall distribute your paper in every house in Boston." He went directly to Alderman —'s office. Alderman —, in the Board that afternoon, offered the order, and over thirty thousand copies of our paper were thus gratuitously distributed in nearly every house in Boston.

With the example of Boston I succeeded in getting the same distribution made by the police in other cities.

To reach towns, I obtained from our Boston Postmaster, Gen'l. Wm. L. Burr, a letter to all country postmasters, asking them to distribute our paper in their various localities, and many were distributed by members of the Legislature, and in these ways, without other expense than a moderate sum for expressage and correspondence, we succeeded in sending it widely into almost every town in the Commonwealth.

I will mention another incident which at the time seemed to me Providential. I thought it very important in this edition of 200,000 to give some account of the horrible cruelties practised in and about the Brighton slaughter houses. But at the last moment, just as I was going to press, the two men upon whom I had relied, fearing personal danger, backed out, and would furnish me nothing. Just at this time, — almost at the last moment, — a tall, stern looking man came into my office and said, "You are forming a Society to prevent cruelty to animals, ain't you?" I said yes. "Well," said he, "I'll join;" and he took out \$10, and handed me. I thanked him and said, "What name, sir?" He gave me his name. "And where can we send

our publications to you?" "Brighton." "Brighton," said I, "perhaps you know something about those Brighton slaughter houses?" "Well, I should think I ought to," said he, "I've run one on 'em about twenty years, and I've done cruelty enough to animals, and now I'm going to see if I can't do 'em some good!"

In the state of mind I was in just then, the tears came into my eyes, and I said to him, "Who do you suppose sent you HERE?" "Well," said he, "I kind of thought I would come in." "I said, 'I know who sent you; now please sit down;' and he gave me the very information I wanted, just in time to print 200,000 copies for circulation through the State, and to aid in abolishing that whole abominable system which has now given way to our splendid Abattoir. I was told afterwards by those who knew this man, that it was nothing less than a miracle, for he was never known to give anything before in his life.

My next step in our humane work was in pursuance of my original plan, to begin the finding of suitable persons in every city and town of the State who would act as prosecuting agents of the Society. This was a work of no small difficulty, and not perfected until long after. I also wrote a large number of letters to leading literary men and women of the country, poets, clergymen, writers, editors, and lecturers, to enlist their pens and voices in this new work. Some of them responded nobly, — among the first, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, in an article of great interest, widely published. I caused our paper to be sent to various parts of our own and other countries, and particularly each month to a large number of newspapers in our own and other States; also to judges and magistrates. This gave our work a very wide circulation, and prepared the way for the proper enforcement of our law.

The first case we had occasion to prosecute was for overloading a horse, and a perfectly clear case of cruelty; but the wealthy man who opposed us brought men to swear that a horse of the weight of this one could easily have pulled the load, and on that ground the judge ruled against us. In the Boston Transcript I at once reviewed the Judge's decision, and showed the fallacy of supposing that all horses of the same weight, whether old or young, weak or strong, sick or well, half starved or fed, or the day hot or cold, could uniformly pull the same load. I showed there was the same difference in horses as in men, and that what one horse or man of given weight could do was no evidence of what another of the same weight ought to. This was the first case. The same judge has since been one of our best friends, and my hastily written letter was adopted by Bishop, in his work on "Statutory Crimes," as sound law, and is, I believe, now so considered.

The work was all new, the correspondence very large. No society in the world had then undertaken plans like ours. And so it happened that my time was fully occupied, not only week days, but Sundays, and my nights were anything but restful, for when I retired it was with candle, paper, and pencil in a chair at my side, to minute down thoughts that came in the night. My health, never of the strongest, of course suffered.

I continued editing "OUR DUMB ANIMALS" nine months, giving it my best thought, publishing during that time about 350,000 copies, and felt well rewarded for my labor of love when, at our first public annual meeting in Boston Music Hall, Governor Claflin said that "no more interesting paper came to his table."

In the editorials of those first nine months will be found, I think, pretty much the substance of all I have since said and written on this subject.

In December, if I remember rightly, Messrs. Brigham and Denny, Secretary and Prosecuting Agent of the Society, left to accept other positions, and the Hon. Frank B. Fay, of Chelsea, after an interview and correspondence, consented to take the position of Secretary, and to relieve me from labor and anxiety which was telling pretty severely upon my health.

I had decided, under advice of my physician, that rest and travel on the other side of the ocean would be judicious, and I hoped also to accomplish some good. So I threw everything on to Mr. Fay, and as in my college days it was thought wiser to study dead than living languages, I went at once into a French family to devote my evenings, for six weeks before starting, to studying and talking the French language. The result was that the

words and sentences which I did learn I pronounced so correctly that I had the greatest difficulty in making Frenchmen believe that I couldn't understand a word they said to me when they talked rapidly.

On April 17th, 1869, I sailed from New York on the City of Brooklyn, of the Inman Line, for England.

One thing more I will here add. In my address at the first annual meeting of our Society in "Music Hall," just before I started for Europe, I referred, among other things, to twenty drinking fountains for animals. It was a curious circumstance that, at the starting of our Society, there was not, to my knowledge, in the whole city of Boston, a single public fountain or watering trough, where a thirsty horse could find water, nor, with one exception, was there in the whole city, outside the Common, a single public place where a thirsty man could get water. So one of the first things I attempted was to get fountains for animals.

At that time some thousands of temperance men had petitioned the city government, and used their best endeavors, to get water in the streets for men, but had totally failed. Yet I soon secured an agreement of the city authorities to put in twenty iron fountains for animals. I attributed my success to two facts: — First. An influential gentleman who wanted to introduce a really good street pavement offered to go for my fountains if I would go for his pavement: — and Second. As horses wouldn't buy beer, there was no objection to giving them water. Having obtained water for horses, it soon followed for humans. I should properly say that the large stone troughs now seen in our streets were put in subsequently, several of them being presented to the city by Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Appleton.

An Episcopalian Horse.

It is told of an old Baptist parson, famous in Virginia, that he once visited a plantation where the darkey who met him at the gate asked which barn he would have his horse put in. "Have you two barns?" asked the Doctor. "Yes, sah," replied the darkey; "dar's de ole barn, and Mas'r Wales has jes built a new one." "Where do you usually put the horses of clergymen who come to see your master?" "Well, sah, if dey's Methodist or Baptist, we gen'ally puts 'em in de ole barn, but if dey's 'Piscopals we puts 'em in de new one." "Well, Bob, you can put my horse in the new barn; I'm a Baptist, but my horse is an Episcopalian."

Dean Stanley on Children.

It is impossible to recall or define the charm which breathed through the dean's annual sermon to children on Innocents' Day. It cannot be explained or imitated. It depended in no small degree upon the place and the man. The darkening December afternoon, the chandeliers simply wreathed with masses of ivy, the dim religious light of the choir, the beautiful shining faces of hundreds of little children, boys and girls, from the schoolboy home for his holidays to the child in the nursery; the simple and appropriate music, the brevity of the service and sermon, the gentle voice and loving manner and homely words of the speaker, made up a scene never to be forgotten, never to be reproduced. Childless himself, the dean loved children with an almost pathetic tenderness, and it was delightful to witness his manner when he was speaking to them or conducting a few of them over the abbey. He was fond of quoting the quaint remarks which little boys and girls had sometimes made to him. Nor did he at all feel that he was condescending when he addressed to them such simple words as these: —

"Love honest work. Love to get knowledge. Never forget to say your prayers morning and evening. Never be ashamed to say them. It will help you to be good all through the day. Always keep your promises. Do not pick up foolish or improper stories. Never tell a lie. Be very kind to poor dumb animals. Remember always to be gentle and attentive to older people."

— Dean Stanley in Contemporary Review.

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His Excellency the Governor and one hundred others through the State.

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Cases Investigated by Office Agents in May.

Whole number of complaints received, 127; viz.: Beating, 21; overworking and overloading, 5; overdriving, 1; driving when lame or galled, 47; failing to provide proper food and shelter, 7; torturing, 3; driving when diseased, 6; cruelly transporting, 5; general cruelty, 32.

Remedied without prosecution, 39; warnings issued, 34; not substantiated, 29; not found, 9; anonymous, 8; prosecuted, 8; convicted, 8.

Animals taken from work, 23; killed, 47.

Receipts by the Society in May.**FINES.**

From Justice's Court,—Amesbury, \$5; Winchendon, \$10.

District Court,—First E. Middlesex, \$10; Second Plymouth, \$.01.

Police Court,—Newton, two cases, \$30; Brookline, \$15.

Municipal Court,—Boston, \$10; Brighton District, paid at jail, \$3.

Witness fees, \$3.90.

Total, \$86.91.

FROM MEMBERS AND DONORS.

Dr. Geo. Faulkner, \$20; Mrs. Geo. Faulkner, \$20.

TEN DOLLARS EACH.

Mrs. F. M. Payson, Mrs. A. B. Hall, "Prinney," Mrs. J. M. Willcutt, I. E. M., A. L. Lovell, John Keith, a Greenfield Friend, W. B. Washburn.

FIVE DOLLARS EACH.

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FIFTY CENTS EACH.

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OTHER SUMS.

Nineteen Friends in Fitchburg, \$4.50; Mrs. J. G. Smith, \$1.40; James Phillips, Jr., \$3; Friends, 3.

Total, \$247 80.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Buffalo Society P. C. to Animals, \$5; Grace Gowing, \$2.50; Miss M. A. Molineux, \$2; Mrs. Almon Twing, \$1.50.

ONE DOLLAR EACH.

Miss S. W. Starkweather, Miss S. R. Bowles, Miss L. A. Bailey, Miss L. Willard, J. A. Newell, Miss H. Day, Mrs. W. H. Burleigh.

FIFTY CENTS EACH.

Mrs. M. S. Whiton, Mrs. J. N. Fitts, Eben Francis, J. R. Blair, Mrs. Geo. M. Preston, Mrs. L. A. Downing, Miss F. Browning, G. A. Phillips.

Total, \$22.

PUBLICATIONS.

Miss Helen M. Mason, \$2.20; Town of Hingham, \$2; M. S. Tilley, \$1.70; Mrs. R. B. Anderson, \$.50; J. R. Blair, \$.25.

Total, \$6.65.

Total receipts in May, \$363.36.

The Wren's Nest.

It was a wee bit housie,
But shaped with deffest care,
Of twisted twigs, a feather or two,
A scrap of cloth of doubtful hue,
And a bit of tangled hair.

And the merry little artist,
Who twittered overhead,
Viewed her work with happy pride,—
Fluttering about from side to side,
Around the pretty bed,—

Which held a tender promise
Of something fair to be;
And she poured a song,
The whole day long,
Over the pale eggs, three.

Never a fear of the morrow
Clouded her hope so glad;
Never a doubt in the little brown breast,
As she gaily trimmed the dainty nest,
With such things as she had.

Oh! happy little warbler,
In thy blithe note is blent
A song of trust from day to day,
And I learn of thee, as I go my way,
A lesson of sweet content.

—Lucy Randolph Fleming.

During a big thunder shower, little Willie, who slept up stairs alone, got scared and called his mother, who came up and asked him what he was frightened about. Will admitted that the thunder was a little too much for a youngster who slept alone.

"Well, if you are afraid," said his mother, "you should pray for courage."

"Well, all right," said Willie, an idea coming into his head, "suppose you stay up here and pray, while I go down stairs and sleep with pa." She didn't stay.

When rain is coming ravens caw, swallows chatter, cats "wash their faces," small birds prune themselves and make a show of working, crows make a great noise in the evening, geese cackle more than usual. The reason is because these creatures love wet weather and rejoice at its approach.

Beware of evil thoughts; bad thoughts come first, bad words follow, and then bad deeds. Watch against them; strive against them; pray against them.

An idle man is like stagnant waters: he corrupts himself.

Cheerfulness. The cheerful are the busy. When trouble knocks at your door, or rings the bell, he or she will generally retire if you send word you are engaged.

The hearts of men are their books; events are their tutors; great actions are their eloquence.

—Macaulay.

Publications Received From Kindred Societies.

American Boys' and Girls' Humane Appeal. Chicago.
Animal World. London, England.
Humane Journal. Chicago.
Our Animal Friends. New York.
Zoophilist. London, England.
Coventry Society P. C. A. Ninth Annual Report. Coventry, England.
Glasgow Society P. C. A. Twenty-sixth Annual Report. Glasgow, Scotland.
Metropolitan Society P. C. A. First Annual Report. Ottawa, Canada.
Tunbridge Wells Society P. C. A. Ninth Annual Report. Tunbridge Wells, England.
Western Penna Humane Society. Eighth Annual Report. Pittsburg, Penn.
L'Ami des Animaux. Geneva, Switzerland.
Boletín de la Sociedad Cubana Protectora de Animales y Plantas. Havana.
Bollettino della Società Protettrice degli Animali. Florence, Italy.
Bulletin de la Société Protectrice des Animaux. Paris.

Prices of Humane Publications.

The following publications can be obtained at our offices at cost prices, which does not include postage.

"Ten Lessons on Kindness to Animals," by Geo. T. Angell, at 2 cents each, or \$2.00 per 100
"Care of Horses," .45 "
"Cattle Transportation," by Geo. T. Angell, 1.10 "
"Protection of Animals," by Geo. T. Angell, 1.33 "
"Five Questions Answered," by G. T. Angell, .50 "
"The Check Rein," by G. T. Angell, .60 "
"The Marett Tract," by G. T. Angell, (postage), .05 "
"How to Kill Animals Humanely," by Dr. D. D. Slade, .95 "
Humane picture card, "Waiting for the Master," .75 "
"Insect Eating Birds," by Frank H. Palmer, 1.30 "
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Published on the first Tuesday of each Month

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